

The PRINCE of GRAUSTARK

BY
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SYNOPSIS

Mr. Blithers, multi-millionaire, discusses with his wife the possibilities of marrying off his daughter, Maud Applegate, to the Prince of Graustark, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Truxton King in America in anticipation of getting some one to take up the loan Russia holds. A Mr. Scoville is attentive to Maud.

Prince Robin is accompanied by Count Quinnox, minister of war; Lieutenant Dank and Hobbs, the valet. The prince had balked at a matrimonial alliance with the Princess of Dawabergen, both of them wishing to choose for themselves. Mr. Blithers visits the Kings uninvited.

Mr. Blithers discusses the Russian loan and gently hints at \$20,000,000 his daughter will get when she marries the right man.

Bankers suddenly refuse to handle the loan. Count Quinnox and King arrange a meeting with Blithers. King suspects him of blocking the deal.

Blithers promises to consider the loan. His wife prepares a ball for the Prince and Maud, who suddenly balks at the affair and doesn't attend.

Meeting the prince out for a stroll, Blithers chats on matrimony. Robin says he is not for sale, but agrees to meet Maud when he learns she is opposed to her parents' wishes.

Maud again evades the prince, who reports he must leave for Graustark at once. Maud writes she is off for Europe on the Jupiter with an aged companion. Her father schemes to get them both on the same ship.

The prince as Mr. Schmidt sails on the Jupiter. Blithers buys \$20,000,000 of Graustark bonds. A young lady disputes Robin's right to a table and deck chair.

He learns she is Miss Guile of New York, and her aged companion Mrs. Gaston. He soon becomes better acquainted with Miss Guile.

Her given name is Bedelia, she tells him. She tells Mrs. Gaston that she suspects he is the Prince of Graustark.

Mrs. Gaston changes her manner toward him. Hobbs discovers Miss Guile's baggage is marked with a B. In Paris she is met by a young man.

CHAPTER XII.

The Red Letter "B."

AT the Gare St. Lazare Robin had a brief glimpse of Miss Guile as she hurried by the crowd down to the cab enclosure, where her escort, the alert young stranger, put her into a waiting limousine, bundled Mrs. Gaston and Marie after her and then dashed away, obviously to see their luggage through the douane.

She espied the tall figure of her fellow voyager near the steps and leaned forward to wave a perfunctory farewell to him. The car was creeping out toward the packed thoroughfare. He remained perfectly still, with uplifted hat, a faint smile on his lips and not the slightest sign of annoyance in his face. She smiled securely to herself as she leaned back in the seat and was satisfied!

Count Quinnox found him standing there a few minutes later, twirling his stick and smiling with his eyes. Accompanying the old soldier was a slight, sharp featured man with keen black eyes and a thin, pointed mustache of gray.

This man was Gourou, chief of police and commander of the tower in Edelweiss, successor to the celebrated Baron Dangloss. After he had greeted his prince the quiet little man announced that he had reserved for him an apartment at the Bristol.

"I am instructed by the prime minister, your highness, to urge your immediate return to Edelweiss," he went on, lowering his voice. "The people are disturbed by the reports that have reached us during the past week or two, and Baron Romano is convinced that nothing will serve to subdue the feeling of uneasiness that prevails except your own declaration—in person—that these reports are untrue."

"I shall telegraph at once to Baron Romano that it is all poppycock," said Robin easily. "I refer, of course, to the reported engagement. I am not going to marry Miss Blithers, and that's all there is to be said. You may see to it, baron, that a statement is issued to all of the Paris newspapers today and to the correspondents of all the great papers in Europe and America. I have prepared this statement, under my own signature, and it is to be the last word in the matter. You shall have it when we reach the hotel—and that reminds me of another thing. I'm sorry that I shall have to ask you to countermand the reservation for rooms at the hotel you mention. I have already reserved rooms at the Ritz—by wireless. We shall stop there. Where is Dank?"

"The Ritz is hardly the place for"—But Robin clapped him on the back and favored him with the good natured, boyish smile that mastered even the fiercest of his counselors, and the minister of police, being an astute man, heaved a deep sigh of resignation.

Count Quinnox was gnawing his mustache. "See here, Robin," he said, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, "you are in Paris now, and not on board a ship at sea. Miss Guile is a beautiful, charming, highly estimable young woman, and, I might as well say it straight out to your face, you ought not to subject

her to the notoriety that is bound to follow if the newspapers learn that she is playing around Paris, no matter how innocently, with a prince whom"—

"Just a moment, count," interrupted Robin, a cold light in his now unsmiling eyes. "You are getting a little ahead of the game. Miss Guile is not going to the Ritz, nor do I expect her to play around Paris with me. As a matter of fact, she refused to tell me where she is to stop while here, and I am uncomfortably certain that I shall not see her unless by chance. You may be sure that I shall not annoy Miss Guile, and you may be equally sure that she"—

"I beg your pardon, Robin, but I did not employ the word annoy," protested the count.

"—that she takes me for a gentleman if not for a prince," went on Robin, deliberately completing the sentence before he smiled his forgiveness upon the old man. "I selected the Ritz because all rich Americans go there, I'm told. I'm taking a chance."

"Robin, my lad, I beg of you to consider the consequences that"—

"There's no use discussing it, old friend. Trust to luck. There is a bully good chance that she will send me about my business when the time comes, and then the salvation of Graustark will be assured." He said it lightly, but there was a dark look in his eyes that belied the jaunty words.

"Am I to understand that you intend to—ask her to marry you?" demanded the count, profoundly troubled. "Remember, boy, that you are the Prince of Graustark, that you"—

"But I am not going to ask her to marry the Prince of Graustark. I'm going to ask her to marry R. Schmidt," said Robin composedly.

In the baron's room at the Ritz that night there was held a secret conference.

The three conspirators were of the same mind. It was clear that something must be done. But what? That was the question. Gourou declared that the people were very much disturbed over the trick the great capitalist had played upon the cabinet; there were sullen threats of a revolt if the government insisted on the deposit of bonds as required by the agreement. More than that, there were open declarations that the daughter of Mr. Blithers would never be permitted to occupy the throne of Graustark. Deeply as his subjects loved the young prince, they would

force him to abdicate rather than submit to the desecration of a throne that had never been dishonored. They would accept William W. Blithers' money, but they would have none of William W. Blithers' daughter.

The afternoon papers had published the brief statement prepared by Robin in the seclusion of his stateroom on board the Jupiter immediately after a most enjoyable hour with Miss Guile. It was a curt and extremely positive denial of the rumored engagement, with the additional information that he never had seen Miss Blithers and was more or less certain that she had never set eyes on him.

A rather staggering coincidence appeared with the published report that Miss Blithers herself was supposed to be somewhere in Europe, word having been received that day from sources in London that she had sailed from New York under an assumed name. The imaginative French journals put two and two together and dwelt upon the possibility that the two young people who had never seen each other might have crossed the Atlantic on the same steamer, seeing each other frequently and yet remaining entirely in the dark, so to speak. Inspired writers began to weave a romance around them.

The newspapers also printed a definite bit of news in the shape of a dispatch from New York to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. William W. Blithers were sailing for Europe on the ensuing day, bound for Graustark.

However, the chief and present concern of the three loyal gentlemen in midnight conclave was not centered in the trouble that Mr. Blithers had started, but in the more desperate situation created by Miss Guile. She was the peril that now confronted them, and she was indeed a peril.

"By jove!" exclaimed Dank, so loudly that his companions actually jumped in their seats.

"What ails you, Dank?" demanded the baron, removing his eyes from the young man's face long enough to glance fearfully at the transom.

"I've got it!" cried the soldier. Count, you remember the big red letter B on all of her trunks, don't you? Hobbs is positive he"—

Count Quinnox sprang to his feet and slammed the table with his fist.

"By jove!" he shouted, suddenly comprehending.

"The letter B?" queried Gourou, perplexed.

"The newspapers say that she sailed from New York under an assumed name," went on Dank, thrilled by his own amazing cleverness. "There you are! Plain as day. The letter B explains everything. Now we know who Miss Guile really is. She's"—

"Maud!" exclaimed Quinnox, sinking back into his chair.

"Miss Blithers!" cried Gourou, divining at last. "By jove!" And thus was the jovian circle completed.

Robin was informed bright and early the next morning. In fact, he was still in his pajamas when the news was carried to him by the exhausted Dank, who had spent five hours in bed, but none in slumber. Never in all his ardent career had the smart lieutenant been so bitterly afflicted with love-sickness as now.

"I don't believe a word of it," said the prince promptly. "You've been dreaming, old chap."

"That letter B isn't a dream, is it?"

"No, it isn't," said Robin, and instantly sat up in bed, his face very serious. "If she should turn out to be Miss Blithers, I've cooked my goose to a crisp. Good Lord, when I think of some of the things I said to her about the Blithers family! But wait! If she is Miss Blithers do you suppose she'd sit calmly by and hear the family ridiculed? No, sir! She would have taken my head off like a flash."

"I suppose you'll see nothing more of her, your highness," remarked Dank, a sly hope struggling in his breast.

"You'd better put it the other way. She'll see nothing more of me," lugubriously.

"I mean to say, sir, you can't go on with it, can you?"

"If there is really anything to go on with, Dank, I'll go on with it, believe me."



They Would Have None of William W. Blithers' Daughter.

The lieutenant stared. "But if she should be Miss Blithers, what then?"

"It might simplify matters tremendously," said Robin, but not at all confidently.

Later on, while they were breakfasting in Robin's sitting room, Hobbs brought in the morning newspapers.

He laid one of them before the prince and jabbed his forefinger upon a glaring headline.

"Miss Blithers Denies Report. Signed Statement Mysteriously Received. American Heiress Not to Wed Prince of Graustark." Shall I read the article, sir?"

Robin snatched up the paper and read aloud for himself.

The following card appeared at the head of the column and was supplemented by a complete resume of the Blithers Graustark muddle:

"Miss Blithers desire to correct an erroneous report that has appeared in the newspapers. She is not engaged to be married to the Prince of Graustark, nor is there even the remotest probability that such will ever be the case. Miss Blithers regrets that she has not the honor of Prince Robin's acquaintance, and the prince has specifically stated in the public prints that he does not know her by sight. The statements of the two persons most vitally affected by this disturbing rumor should be taken as final. Sufficient pain and annoyance already

have been caused by the incorrect and utterly groundless report." The name of Maud Applegate Blithers was appended to the statement, and it was dated Paris, Aug. 29.

It appears that the signed statement was left in the counting room of the various newspapers by a heavily veiled lady at an hour agreed upon as "about 10 o'clock." There was absolutely no clue to the identity of this woman.

"Well, she appears to be here," said Robin as he laid down the last of the three journals and stared at Dank as if expecting hope from that most unreliable source.

"I suppose you will now admit that I am right about the letter B," said Dank sullenly.

"When I see Miss Guile I shall ask point blank if she is Maud Applegate, Dank, and if she says she isn't I'll take her word for it," said Robin.

"And if she says she is?"

"Well," said the prince ruefully, "I'll still take her word for it."

"And then?"

"Then I shall be equally frank and tell her that I am Robin of Graustark. That will put us all square again, and we'll see what comes of it in the end."

The day was warm and clear, and Paris was gleaming. Robin stretched his long legs in a brisk walk across the Place Vendome and up the Rue de la Paix to the boulevard. Here he hesitated and then retraced his steps slowly down the street of diamonds, for he suspected Miss Guile of being interested in things that were costly. Suddenly inspired, he made his way to the Place de la Concorde and settled himself on one of the seats near the entrance to the Champs Elysees. A man came up and took a seat beside him.

"Good morning, Mr. Schmidt," said the newcomer, and Robin somewhat gruffly demanded what the deuce he meant by following him. "I have some interesting news," said Baron Gourou quietly.

"From home?" asked Robin carelessly.

"Indirectly. It comes through Berlin. Our special agent there wires me that the offices of Mr. Blithers in that city have received instructions from him to send engineers to Edelweiss for the purpose of estimating the cost of remodeling and rebuilding the castle—in other words, to restore it to its condition prior to the Marianx rebellion fifteen years ago."

There was a tantalizing smile on the baron's face as he watched the changing expressions in that of his prince.

"Are you in earnest?" demanded Robin, a bright red spot appearing in each cheek. The baron nodded his head. "Well, he's got a lot of nerve!"

"I shudder when I think of what is likely to happen to those architects when they begin snooping around the castle," said Gourou dryly. "By the way, have you seen Miss Guile this morning?"

Robin's cheeks were now completely suffused. "Certainly not."

"She was in the Rue de la Paix half an hour ago. I thought you might"—

"You saw her, baron?"

"Yes, highness, and it may interest you to know that she saw you."

"The deuce you say! But how do you know that it was Miss Guile. You've no means of knowing."

"It is a part of my profession to recognize people from given descriptions. In this case, however, the identification was rendered quite simple by the actions of the young lady herself. She happened to emerge from a shop just as you were passing, and I've never seen any one, criminal or otherwise, seek cover as quickly as she did. She darted back into the shop like one pursued by the devil."

"Where did she go from the Rue de la Paix?" asked Robin impatiently.

"To the Ritz. I was there almost as soon as she. She handed an envelope—containing a letter, I fancy—to the carriage man and drove away in the direction of the Place de l'Opera. I have a sly notion, my prince, that you will find a note awaiting you on your return to the hotel. Ah, you appear to be in haste, my young hunter."

"I am in haste. If you expect to keep alongside, baron, you'll have to run," cried the prince, and was instantly in his seven league boots.

"Won't you sit down, baron? I'll be at liberty in a minute or two," he said, on reaching his room at the hotel, and coolly proceeded to scan the brief message from Miss Guile.

(To be Continued)

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P. H. ANDERSON TELLS OF LONG FIGHT

Peter H. Anderson, around whose adventures in the gold fields of Alaska and the diamond fields of Brazil have been woven romances and whose history entered into Rex Beach's book, "The Spoilers," was in the city. He is visiting his brother John on the Anderson farm south of Enterprise. He is preparing an appeal to the appellate court of the United States from a decision recently handed down by Judge Pollock of the federal court in the suit of Nels Hultberg against him.

Mr. Anderson except for his loosely hung frame, the long arms and shoulders indicating strength, is not the miner type. The storms of the north have left few furrows on an open, frank face. Continual strife at law since his transition from a hard working missionary to the owner of gold mines which sold for \$100,000 has not tinged his spirit with malice. His soft eyes have no gleam of anger. He says he will fight for what he believes is his as long as it can be fought.

The story Mr. Anderson tells fairly glens with the snowy romances of the Nome region. How the young man graduating from North Park college, maintained by the Swedish Evangelical Mission Covenant of American, imbued with the desire to spread the gospel to a new country chose Alaska, has been the theme of many writers in the United States. His success and fight to protect what the earth yielded him would make another story of equal interest.

"In 1897 I went to Chitina," said Peter Anderson. "The Covenant sent me. Nels O. Hultberg was a missionary there at that time. In 1897 gold was discovered in that region and the rush began."

The gold fever evidently attacked Hultberg who began prospecting tours while Anderson attended to his own knitting in the schools and churches. In 1898 John Brynteson organized a party of six which prospected near Sinoek. In the party were Hagelin, Hultberg, Blake, Porter and Kimber. The party was driven by a storm into the mouth of the Snake river where Nome is now located. While waiting for the storm to subside they prospected. They found Anvil Creek although no claims were staked out.

Later in September, 1898, Brynteson made up another party and returned to Anvil Creek where several claims were staked for them and their friends. "No. 2 Above" was staked for Peter Anderson.

This party located claims in Anvil Creek up to and including No. 6 Above according to the testimony of Mr. Brynteson. While this party was away from Chitina Mr. Anderson went down to St. Michael where he met G. W. Price.

"I learned that he was a mining man and I helped him out," Mr. Anderson said. "He wanted to go to Council so I gave him a lift with my boat. He was a good mining man and I was in hopes he would stay until the other party returned. He did. When they showed some gold dust we organized another party. I asked Mr. Price to stake a claim for me near his. He said he would."

This new party returned in October, 1898, to Anvil Creek, where the claims were staked because on the preceding trip the prospectors had violated the law by staking the claims too large. When they were cut down in size according to law claim "No. 9 Above" was staked for R. L. Price by G. W. Price, his brother.

"After the party returned," said Mr. Anderson, "I purchased No. 9 from G. W. Price who conveyed me a deed under power of attorney

from his brother, for a consideration of twenty dollars."

Mr. Anderson's mine paid well from the start and he was working it peacefully during 1899, 1900 and 1901. Provisions used on the claim were bought from Nome merchants. Anderson's relations to his church had always been of the keenest interest and his parents were among the organizers of the sect. Having studied a year in its school and having spent a year in its hospitals his interests for the alleviation of the needy were awakened.

"When fortune smiled on him his thoughts went out to the church and its needs. After returning from his summer trip to Alaska in 1901 he wished to help the needy and wrote officials of the church that he intended to make a donation of \$25,000 for a new hospital. A friend of Mr. Anderson who had also found his fortune in Alaska made a like offer. To the Covenant college which he had attended Mr. Anderson desired to make a gift of \$25,000.

As a young man in school he knew of the struggle for an education which many have who have no other means than summer work. This need Mr. Anderson offered to assist and wished to give as a starter \$4000, making a total of \$54,000. After Mr. Anderson had made known his wish to the church a report reached him that the church claimed his property. He immediately wrote the officials of this report and withdrew his donation until they had run down the rumor. He said until the rumors were grounded all communications with the church would be severed. In a few months the church wrote Mr. Anderson as considering him the owner of the mine and gave him a release in full of all his claims. After the release was received Mr. Anderson made his donation.

In 1902 he sold No. 0 to Dr. C. W. Johnson for \$100,000 although the proceedings of the church had not made the way clear for him to make the donation.

In 1903 Hultberg got into the game again. What is claimed by Anderson and proven by the records as testified by Prof. Nollval who was the secretary of the Covenant to have been a "doctoring" of the minutes of the annual meeting of the Covenant to make it the sense of the organization that Anderson was the unlawful owner of the mines, took place shortly after Hultberg arrived. He claimed title to the mines which Anderson had sold, under the rule that it belonged to the church. The church gave him a deed to the mine.

This started the litigation which was carried from the board of arbitration when two members decided in favor of the Covenant, to the supreme court of the United States. All courts refusing to go back of the arbitration award, Mr. Anderson lost his holdings.

The Covenant not satisfied with taking what Mr. Anderson had, Mr. Anderson says it is now trying to take what Mrs. Anderson has.

"I am more interested now in my wife's property," Mr. Anderson said. "That is a farm in Dickinson county which Judge Pollock ruled against recently. It was purchased with proceeds from mine No. 2. This mine was given to Mrs. Anderson and the Covenant has not laid any claim to it.

"The only thing to do now is to fight the case to the last ditch. Hultberg never had any claim to the mines. I bought them. I was under no obligation to the church when I went there."

Purity Gives Power

There are still many persons in the world that need to be impressed with the fact that the purer the blood is the greater the power of the system to remove disease and the less the liability to contract it. Persons whose blood is in good condition are much less likely to take cold or to be long troubled with it, or to catch any contagious or infectious disease, than are those whose blood is impure and therefore impoverished and lacking in vitality. The best medicine for purifying the blood is Hood's Sarsaparilla, and persons suffering from any blood disease or any want of tone in the system are urged to give this medicine a trial. It is especially useful at this time of year.

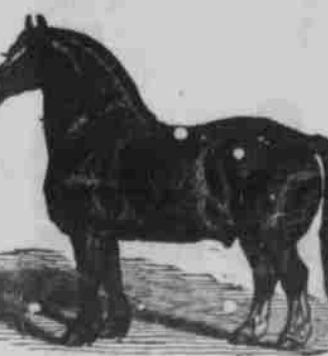
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